

# BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

VOL. XXX.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1891.

NO. 1506.

## CHRONICLE-UNION.

ALB. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.

Published by

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Every Saturday Evening.

TERMS:

For one year (in advance) \$3.00  
For six months 1.50  
For three months .75

OFFICE:

Corner of Bryant and School Streets.  
(Court House Block).

County Official Press.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Superior Judge..... Wm. H. Virden.  
County Clerk, Auditor and  
Recorder..... John D. Murphy.  
County Attorney..... Joseph A. Brown.  
County Engineer..... H. M. Eddy.  
County Assessor.....  
D. M. Walters, Coroner & Public Administrator.  
Superintendent of Schools..... Cornelia Richards.  
Superior, First District..... William Calnan.  
Superior, Second District..... William Stewart.  
Superior, Third District..... N. B. Huncwiler.  
Superior, Fourth District..... Henry A. Pitts.  
Superior, Fifth District.....  
Board of Supervisors holds Regular Sessions  
on the County Seat, Bridgeport, on the first  
Monday of January, April, July and October.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHAS. F. GARDNER,  
(Late Receiver U. S. Land Office).

LAND AND MINE ATTORNEY.

SACRAMENTO.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

100 1/2 Street—Room 1, Next door to U. S. Land  
Office.

R. F. OSBORN & CO.,

NO. 751 MARKET STR.

SAN FRANCISCO.

General Hardware

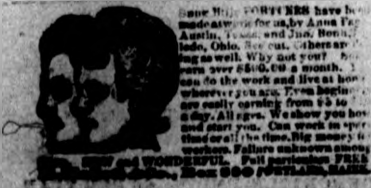
CABINET.

UPHOLSTERERS

CARRIAGE MAKERS

HARDWARE.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.



## CHRONICLE-UNION, THE PIONEER

On the Eastern Slope of the

Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California.

The Oldest and Leading Paper in

MONO COUNTY.

THE

OFFICIAL PRESS.

AND RELIABLE  
ADVERTISING MEDIUM

OF THE COUNTY.

Published Saturdays at

THREE DOLLARS PER YEAR.

THE BEST OF

JOB PRINTING OF

EVERY

DESCRIPTION

AT THE

LOWEST RATES.

### ROUGH ON CATS.

A Novel Invention by Which They  
Are Captured.

The Invention a Man of Genius Who Has  
an Intense Dislike for the Feline  
Race—No More Back-  
Yard Concerts.

The only Keely's motor is still in the other, but the inventive genius of Philadelphia has not ceased to burn brightly. A Philadelphia machinist, John J. Chatterway, has invented a device for capturing feline minstrels. Quiet as the cemetery is absolutely essential to the comfort of a Philadelphian, but the Quaker cats have not as yet learned to temper their nocturnal concerts or to mitigate their love-lorn lays. They patrol the fences and the back yards with the noisy vehemence of their kind, and protesting Philadelphia waves its night-cap and shouts and screams in vain. But the researches of the ingenious Mr. Chatterway have shown how to bell the cat. The part of the town in which he lives, so writes an enthusiast in the Philadelphia Times, "is the acropolis for all the lovelorn toms and tabbies in the neighborhood. On his back fence and on the back fences of all his neighbors it has been the nightly custom, rain or shine, for hundreds of nocturnal prowlers to congregate and there hold discordant revel." Poisoned meat and spring traps were tried without effect. The cats laughed at them. Broken glass, barbed wire, and other annoyances against the fencehaunter were equally useless. The cats continued their voracious proceedings, and the inhabitants swore and suffered.

In the sleepless nights the brain of Chatterway kept working at a plan for conquering the invader of his peace. It came to him finally in a dream. "There his ash-pit he dug a pile of empty tomato cans, and out of these he constructed a roll of condemned roofing tin, which a sympathizing neighbor kindly donated, he manufactured a contrivance that, if universally adopted, will rob the funny paragraphers of one of their most frequent sources of supply. His completed device for a cat-catcher is a continuous strip of pyramidal-shaped tin, the apex of the pyramid being placed on top of the fence. The base of the tin triangle is left open, and its sloping sides hang over the fence and stand out from its face. As the apex of this tin roof comes to a sharp point, and its sides are too smooth even for the claw holds of a cat, the result, when a tom or tabby attempts to climb it, is obvious. As soon as their foot strikes the tin they are bound to slip, and a fall on one or the other side of the fence is inevitable. As the tin slides project beyond the face of the fence it is impossible for the fallen feline to climb back to its perch again.

The first night's catch is thus reported: "It was late Monday afternoon when Machinist Chatterway finished nailing his cat-catcher in place, and the curious neighbors wondered what it all meant. Darkness had nearly fallen before the cats began to congregate. As Machinist Chatterway's house is near the middle of the block, his back fence was a sort of meeting place, and the spot where all combats were arranged and fought out. The night was not so dark as to prevent the confident inventor from witnessing the result from his library windows. The first cat to strike the compeller, a gigantic tom, sprang upon the tin coping with a mew of disdain. Like a flash Tom's massive body described a semi-circle, and, much to his amazement, he landed in the yard. Recovering himself, and with his feline mood up, Tom gripped the fence and scrambled upward. His head struck the projecting tin, and after one or two futile attempts to get a claw hold he slid back into the yard, sans spirit, sans mode, sans confidence. Tom realized that he was a prisoner, and lay low, uttering from time to time a subdued and mournful mew.

"He was not long without company. A tabby was the next victim, and although he recognized her as an old-time sweetheart, she identified him as a once-favored beau, neither had any heart for love-making, but crouched in opposite corners of the yard, disgustedly blinking at each other. From that time on until dawn cats came, and but few escaped. Those that were fortunate enough to fall on the alley side of the fence scampered away, with their distended tails aloft.

"Early the next morning the smiling inventor softly opened his back door and peeped out. By actual count there were seventeen cats in the yard. Old fighters and young fighters were huddled together. Misery had made them forget their animosities, and they greeted the machinist with frightened stares and mournful whines. When he opened the back gate they rushed out into the alley and scampered away."

New Names in History.

The naming of new names in the world's horizon is always delightful to behold. Here is Edison, who ten years ago was unheard of, whose fame is now blazoned over the world. Here is Koch, of Berlin, known to but few at this time of last year, now shining aloft. Here are new names appearing from time to time in literature, some of them luminous. Welcome to all the new lights! It is delightful to see them, and all the more so many of the names that have shone in other years are passing out of sight. It is something to have a "name" great in months of wisest counsel, even if it be there but for a time.

### THE WOES OF "CABBY."

Innumerable Hardships Are His to  
Bear.

He is Subjected Alike to Disagreeable  
People and Inclement Weather  
and is Poorly Paid for  
His Services.

"Talk about a policeman's lot being 'an unhappy one,'" said a veteran hack driver the other evening to a New York Herald man, "well, you can lay large, gloomy and peculiar wagers that I will swap lots with any police man on the east or west side—or, for that matter, with any one of the squad in the toughest district in the city. I guess you don't know what we drivers have to put up with, or the great difference in the kind of parties we have to drive. Why, before now I have had parties take me at the Astor house and give me an order to drive them to Fifty-ninth street, and when I would get out at the address given me I would climb off the box to open the door for my passenger and collect my fare, when, lo! presto, change! the hack would be empty. The Lord knows where my freight got out, but most probably somewhere between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets. I don't see how they do it so quietly, for it makes some noise to open a hack door and takes some practice to jump out safely. But they do it somehow, and I suppose it is partly due to our getting tired and sleepy with our day's work.

"Then, I sometimes run across a hard crowd, and when I try to collect at the end of the route they 'give me the laugh,' and I know that if I insist I will only get half killed. Policemen are never near, either. Oh, I don't blame them, for if I was one I would hide, too.

"Another thing that troubles a driver awfully is waiting—waiting, perhaps in a pouring rain—for a man never went into a house yet without saying that he would be out in a few minutes. And you never can tell when they will come, either. If they would, only say how long in the first place, it would be easier, for then you could drive off to some convenient spot, or else curl up and go to sleep quietly inside, in case the gentleman didn't give you a cigar to comfort you. And, speaking of cigars, it is astonishing how few hack drivers get. A man will fee his waiter, his barber, his porter, his chambermaid or any people in such employment, but he seldom thinks of offering the driver anything but a cigar or a drink. Yet a driver has a hard time, and his wages are not large, either, to say nothing of the responsibility resting on him in the way of careful driving, finding the way, etc.

"Still, I have known people to give me money occasionally, and in this line I think actors are more generous than others. There is one lady in particular—the wife of a star actor—who never fails to give me at least fifty cents over and above the fare I have to turn in to the boys. I never enjoy shopping except when I go with her.

"Speaking of ladies, I suppose they are worse than anybody else at keeping you waiting. The trouble with them is that they get as far as the door of a house and there they stand. Why, I have jumped up and down off my box a dozen times just because every time my fare opened the house door she would close it again and continue her conversation. Of course it fooled me, as I wanted to be ready to open the carriage door for her.

"Theater parties and parties who want to be taken to the stations are pretty good jobs, as the distances are almost always short and direct and there are generally several in the party. Another thing a driver has to do is to use judgment as to how he drives, according to the party inside and the occasion. Often have I had a young fellow press fifty cents into my hand when I would be driving him home from the theater with his girl and whisper: 'Drive slow as you can, please, and go a long way.' Well, sir, perhaps those same people would take me again a year or two afterward, and I could tell they were married, because the fellow would put her in the carriage and shut the door, saying: 'Good night, dear; will be home soon. I just want to look in at the Hoffman house; business engagement. Man takes an early train; be up in half an hour.'

"When you are driving swells home from the theater with their wives you want to drive fast, you know, so that they can get back to their clubs at a decent hour. Everyone knows that you want to go slow at funerals and fast to trains, but for the little fine details a driver has got to have judgment.

"What's that? Well, thank you, sir, don't care if I do. Very much obliged. Good night, sir, and please don't mention my name."

Red Tape in Saxony.

Expense attending the movements of petty German officials is illustrated in the case of the Saxon commission for estimating the damages to crops during the maneuvers of Saxon troops. The commission, says the New York Sun, traveled twenty miles, at an expense of \$50, to assess damages estimated at \$3, but finally scaled down to 85 cents. A report that this sort of bureaucratic extravagance was frequent has led Chancellor von Caprivi to order that "such trips shall be undertaken in the future only when large sums of money are at stake."

### ODD BITS HERE AND THERE.

"OLD CONELY RAILROAD" was the superscription on a postal card which recently passed through the Boston post office.

A STONE building at Decatur, Mich., is nicknamed "Stummary block," because all the village secret societies meet there.

B. F. STANLEY, of Lynchburg, Va., has in his possession a curiously carved violin, said to have once been the property of Thomas Jefferson.

SPEAKING of brief names, there is a family in France named B. one in Belgium named O, a river in Holland called the Y and a village in Sweden named A.

On the top of a dead spruce tree at Brookfield, Ore., are growing an elder and salmonberry bush as complacently as if on terra firma, two hundred feet below.

The ninety-foot tower erected at Kearney, N. J., in 1888 has been torn down. A man named Haskell built it, and on a certain day ascended it with his family expecting the Lord to snatch them into Heaven.

A PHILADELPHIA cable-car turning a street curve jolted the "bang" off the forehead of a stylish lady and flung it on the newspaper of a gentleman who was reading of a scalping incident somewhere west.

A CLUB composed of married men has been started in Hannibal, Mo. The ostensible object is to induce married men to spend their evenings at home. They meet very frequently, almost every evening, at a drug store and pass hours talking about the pleasures which married men miss by spending much of their leisure outside of their own households.

### THE UNITED KINGDOM.

It is proposed to build an open-air theater at the Crystal Palace, London, with a seating capacity for five thousand people.

The consumption of tea in the United Kingdom during 1890 reached the unprecedentedly high figure of 5.09 pounds per head.

About half of the kerosene consumed in Great Britain comes from the United States, three-eighths from Russia, and one-eighth from Scotland.

In England the old four-posted bedstead is the pride of the nation, but the iron or brass bedstead is fast becoming universal. The English beds are the largest beds in the world.

Throughout the whole of British India 105,888,337 males and 111,838,937 females, or 217,727,274 persons in all, are totally unable to read or write and are under no instructions of any kind, more than one-tenth of the males and about one-ninth of the females belonging to Bombay.

At a recent meeting of the Geological Society, London, a model of the largest gold nugget yet found in western Australia, known as the "Little Hero," weighing 330 ounces 8 pennyweight, found at Shaw's Fall, 300 miles from Roeborne and 80 from Nullagine, at a depth of 8 inches, was exhibited by Mr. Harry Page Woodward, F. G. S.

The bank of England was established in 1694, and is older than any of the institutions of the class in any other of the great nations. It was not the first of the important financial houses, however. The bank of Venice was created in 1101, that of Genoa in 1407, that of Hamburg in 1619 and that of Rotterdam in 1635. In 1803 the bank of France was established.

Cotton in Bombay.

In Bombay, as in Lancashire, "Cotton is King," says the Pall Mall Gazette. The boats plying in the harbor, the gharrs of the splendid docks, the picturesque bullock-carts that throng the streets, are all "cotton." After New Orleans Bombay is the greatest cotton port in the world. Four million cwt. are shipped abroad every year, and 2,000,000 more are spun and woven in the eighty-two mills of the Bombay presidency. The value of all this cotton is about £12,000,000. The old Cotton green, a vast space devoted to dealers in the raw material, is one of the show places of the city, and forms a striking picture of busy native life.

The Needle's Eye.

The above name is given to a subterranean passage on the coast of Hampshire, one hundred and fifty yards long from sea to sea, but through which a man can, with difficulty, creep. At the north end of the Needle's Eye there is a cave twenty feet high, thirty broad and one hundred and fifty long. The whole of this passage and cave is supported by immense columns of rocks, making a grand scene which has a surprising effect on one who has crept through the narrow passage.

Could Not See Beyond His Nose.

Volkhovsky, a Russian exile, while lecturing at Hampstead, Eng., related a desperate artifice to which he once resorted. A police official once searched his home for compromising papers. At the time there was in his possession a certain document the discovery of which meant serious danger, not only to himself, but also to his friends. Volkhovsky was desperate, for it was quite certain that the document would be found. But a daring trick saved him. He coolly handed the document to the official, who scarcely glanced at it and handed it back. Thus, after the most minute search, the official, his nose blackened with soot and his hair decorated with feathers—for he had even examined the stovepipes and the bedding—had to depart empty-handed.



# CHRONICLE-UNION

BRIDGEPORT, MAY 16, 1891.

Entered at the Bridgeport Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

County Official Press.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

James F. O'Connell, Manager of the Central & Southern California Press Association, No. 205 Montgomery street.  
A. E. Kellogg, 220 Pine street.

## NO STATE "SALOON."

General N. P. Chipman, President California World's Fair Association, has written an open letter to Irving M. Scott, President California World's Fair Commission, in which he strongly opposes any division of the California State exhibit at the World's Fair at Chicago. The General has made a strong argument in favor of a strictly State exhibit, separate and apart from all other States and countries. He refers to the facts that the World's Fair State Convention, held in San Francisco last November, and in which nearly every county in the State was ably represented, passed resolutions in favor of a cumulative exhibit; that the State Board of Trade favored such an exhibit, and that the Senate and Assembly Committees having the Fair Appropriation in charge, and the Legislature generally favored the cumulative plan—and this was the sentiment of the State, and no different plan was ever thought of until Commissioner De Young went to Chicago and joined hands with the Eastern Commissioners in the passage of a resolution prohibiting cumulative State exhibits, and to make the State buildings mere "social halls" in which these "high jinks" with their favored friends who may visit the Fair. The people of this State have not proposed to tax themselves for the purpose of erecting a fine building in Chicago in which to open a free saloon, with California's High Commissioner as the "gentlemanly barkeeper," but it would go "against the grain" for this Lord High Commissioner to hand over the bar only California wines, after his San Francisco friends, in their owlish wisdom, had solemnly informed the President of the United States and the members of his Cabinet, as well as the rest of mankind, that California wines are not fit to drink; are not good enough for the royal American stomachs possessed by the "leading men" of San Francisco, and consequently not fit to be before distinguished guests—a decidedly ill-timed and rough-reading advertisement for our State, of which we are given to boast so persistently—and such advertising in the face of a World's Fair opening! If the California building cannot be used for a cumulative exhibit of California's resources, there should be no California building, and the taxpayers should be saved that tax. If our exhibits are to be thrown into seventy-two different corners of the Chicago Fair, the exhibits should be on private account, and they will have to be if there is no cumulative State exhibit. The State exhibit would not be a competitive one; but only to show what our State is as a whole. The many favored counties would make county exhibits, which could not be done outside of a State building—or, at least, will not.

No State in the Union is capable of making so fine a cumulative exhibit as California can, when she sets about it, and any other kind would not benefit it much. General Chipman truly says:

"Let us examine the relative merits of these two plans: Thousands of home-seekers will visit the Fair to study California and learn the truth about a country of whose charms our President recently stated 'the half had never been told.' Imagine one of these home-seekers puzzling his search under the distributive plan. Who is to guide him? Where is he to go? Who will meet him when he gets there? With what weariness and disgust will he abandon the search long before he has attained his object if he must box the compass of the great World's show.

On the other hand, suppose we lead him into the California building, and he there finds spread before him, in a harmonious and attractive display, all the inducements which California holds out to the world for the toiler and the pleasure-seeker. In one hour he will learn more there than can be learned in hard work in many days on the other plan, or at all. In this building he finds, not only what we produce, but what we manufacture, and how we live, but he finds accredited agents of the State to supply him with information as to every practical detail which the intelligent intending settler must know before he will cross a continent to come to us."

Very inconsistent.—The Democratic papers always refer to Postmaster General John Wamaker sneeringly for being a religious man, some calling him "Holy John" or the "Good John Wamaker," etc. It is proverbial that Democratic editors have very short memories. In these two years last past they must have forgotten that their President Cleveland was the first to foist upon the country a "religious crank" for the head of the Postal Department. Immediately on taking his office Postmaster General Vilas begged his religion into the Department and commenced a fierce crusade against the carrying of the mails on Sunday, and soon had the Sunday mail carriage stopped throughout the country. Postmaster General Wamaker is a religious man, and a progressive one; and he has and is giving us the best mail service the country has had.

Cattle are being shipped from the Western ranges of Nevada to Switzerland where beef is worth 17 cents per pound.

Considerable stir has been caused by the late visit to San Diego of the Chilean Insurgent steamer Itata, and her escape from the United States Marshal after she had taken in a supply of rifles and cartridges from the schooner Robert and Minnie, which was also seized by the Marshal for a violation of the neutrality laws. The captain of the Itata compelled the pilot to take his ship to sea with the Deputy Marshal on board, the officer being put ashore after she was well out, when the Itata was headed for Chili. The apprehension is, that the famous ironclad Esmeralda, now in the hands of the Insurgents, was also up North, waiting to relieve her of the rifles and cartridges. The cruiser Charleston is in hot pursuit of the Itata, and will likely capture her on the Mexican coast and bring her back. The San Francisco, Boston and Baltimore have been telegraphed to intercept her in the South Pacific. If the Esmeralda is in company and attempts to interfere with the Charleston's mission, there may be a logging match on the Pacific between these evenly matched vessels.

It would be quite a serious joke on Uncle Sam to have the Esmeralda and Itata capture the Charleston. We would then have to take the San Francisco out of the cold.

Attorney-General Hart has rendered an opinion to the effect that a tax collector has the right to levy upon the property of banks for the payment of personal property tax where the banks have no real estate. Also, that while the Board of Supervisors has the right and power to order an action instituted, the District Attorney has the right to commence an action without the sanction or direction of the Supervisors.

"No Coze."—The Augusta Chronicle, a leading Democratic organ of Georgia, suggests that possibly the next Democratic Secretary of State will be Grover Cleveland. There will not be any "next Democratic Secretary of State" for many a year to come. As the boy eating an apple said to the girl who asked him to give her the core, "There ain't going to be no core."

The free-traders of France sent congratulations to "The eminent ex-President Cleveland of the United States." Here is another show for Grover to write a free trade letter—this time to the foreign admirers of his policy.

The Supervisors of Fresno county talk of testing the constitutionality of the new County Government Act.

Whalebone is very scarce and valuable, but every whip a man buys is "warranted to be whalebone."

For the first time, the United States last year produced more pig iron than Great Britain.

## NEW TO-DAY.

### CATTLE AND SHEEP LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT CATTLE AND SHEEP LICENSES are due and payable at my office in the Court House, Bridgeport, Mono County, California.

MORRIS HAYS, Special License Tax Collector, Bridgeport May 15th, 1891. my12

## NOTICE.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Surveyor-General's Office, for the District of California.

San Francisco, May 2, 1891.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, NOTICE FOR THE UNITED STATES HEARING.

THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, HAVING CLAIMED:

S W 1/4 of N E 1/4 and S E 1/4 of N W 1/4 of Section 8;

N 1/4 of S W 1/4 and N W 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Section 9;

TOWNSHIP 7 NORTH, RANGE 21 EAST, MOUNT DIABLO MERIDIAN.

Lot 2 of Section 3;

TOWNSHIP 9 NORTH, RANGE 21 EAST, MOUNT DIABLO MERIDIAN.

S W 1/4 of S E 1/4; N E 1/4 of S W 1/4 and S W 1/4 of N W 1/4 of Section 34;

N E 1/4 of N W 1/4 of Section 20;

N E 1/4 of S W 1/4 and N W 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Section 24;

N E 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Section 12;

S W 1/4 of N E 1/4; S E 1/4 of N W 1/4; S W 1/4 of S W 1/4; S E 1/4 of N W 1/4 of S W 1/4 and N W 1/4 of Section 14;

S E 1/4 of N E 1/4 and S E 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Section 22; and

N E 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Section 27;

TOWNSHIP 10 NORTH, RANGE 21 EAST, MOUNT DIABLO MERIDIAN.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that on MONDAY, JUNE 2, 1891,

at 10:30 A. M., I will commence the taking of testimony at my office No. 610 Commercial street, San Francisco, California, for the purpose of determining the character of said land, as affected by the Swamp Land Grant of September 28, 1850, at which time all parties interested are requested to be present with their witnesses.

WM. H. PRATT, U. S. Surveyor-General, District of California.

The American Bell Telephone Company, at Boston, has ordered an investigation into the slaying of W. W. Jacques, an employee, at Florence, Italy, with the view of demanding damages. This affair was explained by the American Consul to Blaine. The carriage passed during a riot, and a few of the stones thrown struck it, and that was all.

Dr. Surgeon General Hammond has sent the Washington correspondent of the N. Y. World for libel, charge being that Hammond had charged Mrs. Stanford \$5,000 for removing a wen from her head.

There are four feet of snow on the Placerville road summit.

## NEW TO-DAY.

### NOTICE.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Surveyor-General's Office, for the District of California.

San Francisco, May 2, 1891.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, NOTICE FOR THE UNITED STATES HEARING.

THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, HAVING CLAIMED:

S W 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Section 6;

N W 1/4 of N W 1/4, and N E 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Section 8;

S W 1/4 of S W 1/4 of Section 9;

W 1/4 of N E 1/4, and N E 1/4 of N W 1/4 of Section 15;

N 1/4 of N E 1/4 of Section 14;

Lot 1, N E 1/4 of S E 1/4, N E 1/4 of S W 1/4, and N W 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Section 20;

S E 1/4 of S W 1/4 of Section 23;

TOWNSHIP 6 NORTH, RANGE 22 EAST, MOUNT DIABLO MERIDIAN.

Lot 1, S E 1/4 of N E 1/4 and N E 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Section 15;

N W 1/4 of N E 1/4 of Section 21;

Lot 4 and S E 1/4 of Section 30;

S E 1/4 of N E 1/4 and S W 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Section 34;

S W 1/4 of N W 1/4 of Section 23;

TOWNSHIP 6 NORTH, RANGE 23 EAST, MOUNT DIABLO MERIDIAN.

N E 1/4 of S W 1/4 of Section 31;

N W 1/4 of S W 1/4 of Section 20;

S W 1/4 of N E 1/4 and S W 1/4 of N W 1/4 of Section 32; and

N E 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Section 31;

TOWNSHIP 6 NORTH, RANGE 24 EAST, MOUNT DIABLO MERIDIAN.

Lot 2 and 3 of Section 4;

S E 1/4 of N W 1/4 and N W 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Section 8;

S E 1/4 of S W 1/4 of Section 15;

S E 1/4 of S W 1/4 of Section 20;

E 1/4 of N W 1/4 of Section 31;

N E 1/4 of N W 1/4, S E 1/4 of N W 1/4, N W 1/4 of S W 1/4, S E 1/4 of N E 1/4, and S W 1/4 of S W 1/4 of Section 31;

TOWNSHIP 7 NORTH, RANGE 22 EAST, MOUNT DIABLO MERIDIAN.

N E 1/4 of S W 1/4 and W 1/4 of S W 1/4 of Section 4;

N W 1/4 of N W 1/4 of Section 9;

S 1/4 of N W 1/4 and N 1/4 of S W 1/4 of Section 25;

S W 1/4 of S W 1/4 of Section 25;

N E 1/4 of N W 1/4 of Section 27;

Lot 3 and 4 of Section 31;

TOWNSHIP 9 NORTH, RANGE 21 EAST, MOUNT DIABLO MERIDIAN.

S W 1/4 of S E 1/4; N E 1/4 of S W 1/4 and S W 1/4 of N W 1/4 of Section 34;

N E 1/4 of N W 1/4 of Section 20;

N E 1/4 of S W 1/4 and N W 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Section 24;

## LEGAL.

### ORDER OF ADJUDICATION AND REQUIRING DEBTOR TO FILE SCHEDULE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Mono, State of California.

In the matter of D. HAYS, doing business as D. HAYS AND BROTHER, an insolvent debtor.

In the matter of the petition of WHEATON & LOHRE, C. & P. H. TERRELL & CO., P. BENWIN & BROTHER, THE WERTHEIMER CO., J. STRAUS & CO., FEIGENBAUM & CO., praying that D. Hays, doing business as D. Hays & Bro., may be adjudged to be an insolvent debtor, coming on regularly to be heard this Fifteenth day of April, 1891, and Joseph Kirk, appearing for said petitioners, and as debtor of answer having been filed, or an appearance having been made by said defendant, and it further appearing to the Court that the said D. Hays, after being duly and regularly served, has made default; and that said default has been regularly entered by the Clerk of this Court; and it further appearing to the Court that all of the allegations contained in said petition are true:

It is hereby ordered, adjudged and decreed, that the said D. Hays, on or before the 25th day of May, 1891, the date of the filing of the petition aforesaid, was insolvent within the true intent and meaning of an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, entitled "An Act for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors, and Protection of Creditors," and for the Punishment of Fraudulent Debtors," passed April 16, 1880. And it is further ordered, that the said D. Hays file in this Court, within ten days from the date hereof, a schedule of his assets and liabilities, and a statement of his affairs, in accordance with Sections three and four of the said Act.

The Sheriff of the County of Mono is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said

D. HAYS.

Insolvent debtor, except such as may be by him exempt from execution by the laws of this State, vouchers, books of account and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm, or corporation, or association for himself. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property, until the further order of this Court, except as herein provided.

It is further ordered, that all the Creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Hon. W. H. Virden, Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Mono, in open Court, at the Court Room of said Court, in the Town of Bridgeport, County of Mono, on the

EIGHTH OF MAY, 1891,

at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published in the Bridgeport Chronicle-Union, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the County of Mono, at least once, before the said meeting of creditors.

It is further ordered, that, in the meantime, all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated this 15th day of April, 1891.

W. H. VIRDEN, Judge of the Superior Court.

Indorsed: No. 531. Superior Court, County of Mono, State of Cal.

In the matter of D. Hays, doing business as D. Hays & Bro., an Insolvent Debtor.

Order of Adjudication in Insolvency. Filed Apr. 15th, 1891.

apl8-t J. D. MURPHEY, Clerk.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Mono, State of California.

In the matter of D. Hays, doing business as D. Hays & Bro.

An Insolvent Debtor.

It is hereby ordered that the time fixed in the order of adjudication of this Court made in the above entitled matter on the 15th day of April, 1891, for the meeting of the creditors, of said estate for the choosing of one or more assignees, be and the same is hereby extended, continued and postponed until

MONDAY, the 25th DAY OF MAY, 1891, at the same hour and place.

It is further ordered that the publication of said order of adjudication, and of this further order be discontinued, and that the Clerk of the County of Mono, do and cause to be published in the Bridgeport Chronicle-Union, a newspaper of general circulation, until the said 25th day of May, 1891. And it is further ordered that the Clerk of said Court serve each of the creditors of said insolvent debtor, by United States mail, postage prepaid, with a copy of this order.

April 25th, 1891.

W. H. VIRDEN, Superior Judge.

Indorsed: In the Superior Court, County of Mono, State of California.

In the matter of D. Hays, doing business as D. Hays & Bro., in Insolvency.

Order Extending Time. Filed May 1st, 1891.

my8-t J. D. MURPHEY, Clerk.

Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should Not be Made.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Mono, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JAMES E. STEWART, deceased.

Chas. M. Stewart, the Administrator of the Estate of James E. Stewart, deceased, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of Sale of the real estate, of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent, appear before the said Superior Court on

SATURDAY, the 16th DAY OF MAY, 1891, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of said Superior Court at the Court House in said County of Mono, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator, to sell an undivided part of the real estate of said decedent as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the Bridgeport Chronicle-Union, a newspaper printed and published in said Mono County and that a copy of this Order to show cause be served by mail by the Clerk of this Court upon Wm. Stewart, Deborah McCurdy and Daniel L. Stewart and M. Y. Stewart, severally at their last known places of residence.

W. H. VIRDEN, Judge of the Superior Court. Dated April 8th, 1891. apl4-d

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF PAULUS MATTLI, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Paulus Mattli, deceased, to the creditors, real and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the Office of H. M. Eddy in the town of Bridgeport, Mono County, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in said County of Mono.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 9th day of April, 1891.

JACOB A. MATTLI, Administrator of the Estate of Paulus Mattli, deceased. apl4w

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. A. R. LOOSE, ASSAYER AND METALLURGIST.

BODIE, CALIFORNIA.

## TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Quick Time and Cheap Fares To Eastern and European Cities, VIA THE GREAT TRANS-CONTINENTAL ALL-RAIL ROUTES.

### Southern Pacific Company.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Daily Express Trains make prompt connections with the several Railway lines in the East, AND AT

NEW YORK AND NEW ORLEANS With the several Steamship Lines to ALL EUROPEAN PORTS.

Fullman Palace Sleeping Cars attached to Overland Express Trains.

Tickets sold, Sleeping-Car Berths secured and proper information given upon application at the Company's Offices, where passengers calling in person can secure choice of routes, etc.

Orders sold at Lowest Rates to ticket-holders for passage from Europe and Eastern Cities to any point in the Pacific States and Territories. These Orders, if not used, will be redeemed at the full amount paid therefor.

RICH D. GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## RAILROAD LANDS.

For Lands in Central and Northern California, Oregon, Nevada and Utah, apply to or address

W. H. MILLS, Land Agent, O. F. R. R. SAN FRANCISCO.

For Lands in Southern California, apply to or address

JEROME MADDEN, Land Agent, S. P. R. R. SAN FRANCISCO.

## EASTWALKER RIVER TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

EAST WALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD are as follows:

Rugby team.....\$1.50

Loaded wagon and two animals.....1.00

Each additional pair of animals......25

Homestead......50

Pack animals, each......25

Stage and sheep, each......50

Loose stock, each......50

Empty teams, half-price.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

P. G. HUGHES,

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON MAKER,

BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

HORSE AND OX SHOEING, AND GENERAL JOBBING.

HOMER E. OSBORN,

GENERAL BROKER IN

Merchandise, Fire, Life and

Accident Insurance,

510 California Street.

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE CHRONICLE-UNION

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

A CHURCH FAMILY JOURNAL.

THE LEADING PAPER

OF

MONO COUNTY.

BODIE, CALIFORNIA.

MONO COUNTY.

OF

MONO COUNTY.

## HOTELS.

### OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

Main street. BODIE.....CAL.

N. W. HOYD, Proprietor.

THE TABLE CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

THE ROOMS ARE FIRST-CLASS. Being Heated and Kept scrupulously Clean. Very Best Attention, as well as the Best Accommodations.

### HOT SPRINGS HOTEL.

SAMUEL FALES, Proprietor.

JUNCTION OF THE ANTELOPE AND SONOMA WAGON ROADS.

105 miles from Bodie, and 25 from Bodie, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

This well-known and popular Summer Resort is pleasantly situated on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and is a beautiful and picturesque country, which offers superior inducements for tourists. The hotel is commodious for families, the rooms being large and airy. For invalids the

STRAM, MUD AND SWIMMING BATHS. The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar.

Good Fishing in Walker River. Commodious Stabling.

### BARNETT'S HOTEL.

COLEVILLE, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

Antelope Wagon Road, 50 miles from Carson City and 31 from Bodie.







## THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Some Story of a Smoker Told by a Staid and Frigid Physiologist.

It was after dinner at Young's, says the Boston Globe. A well-known Commonwealth avenue physician had been dining with a few professional cronies, and, as the cigars were lighted, the talk drifted to the tobacco habit, first in its effect upon the race at large, and then in its peculiar effects upon various individuals.

"I know a man," said the elder physician, whose income, by the way, runs into five figures. "In fact, he is now in my employ, who is the victim of the strongest whims in regard to the use of the weed that ever came under my observation. He is a Scotchman about sixty years old. Twelve years ago he deserted from the English navy and came to this country, when I gave him a position as coachman."

"One morning I went into the stable and noticed that a hole about two feet square had been cut in a partition between two stalls and a little shelf had been nailed up underneath it. I wondered what on earth it had been done for, but Donald was away at the time, and when he came back it had slipped my mind."

"It was as much as a week afterward before I had occasion to go into the stable again, and when I did I found Donald standing on a stool, leaning his elbow on the shelf, with a long clay pipe in his mouth, smoking away like a good one and blowing the smoke through the little window he had cut. Upon my questioning him he told me that of the twenty years he had passed in her majesty's service ten of them had been on board a powder ship, where the rules against smoking were very strict."

"During all this time he had been accustomed four times a day to stand upon a chest and lean out of a porthole to smoke, so that no one could smell him, and when at last he took French leave he found that he could not get any satisfaction out of a pipe unless indulged in the old posture, and so, from that day to this, you can find him after each meal, and for half an hour before going to bed, standing on that stool, blowing his smoke through the little window."

## SADDER AND WISER.

A Humane Agent Who Was Taught Some Needed Lessons.

Is there anyone that reads this who has not at one time had a heroic desire to do some good in this great world of suffering?

In a little town away down in Maryland I was once made humane agent, with instructions to see that no needless pain be inflicted on any animal, says a writer in the Pittsburgh Press.

I was still young enough to be afflicted with the conviction that I had been born to do good in the world, though I was not old enough to know those Quixotic ideas should always be tempered with sense. I ordered that blind hounds should be removed from cows, and was sued by people whose fields had been destroyed or whose children had been hooked.

I fought with my neighbors because they insisted on "sticking" their swine and allowing them to bleed to death slowly; I quarreled with my own people because they ordered their geese plucked alive, and was licked by a man from whom I had removed the hobbie; I wept to see an iron ring in a bull's nose, and shinned up a tree for safety when I had removed it.

In fact, I was a general nuisance, attending to everybody's business but my own, and was finally removed from the coveted position on the strength of a general remonstrance that I had been kind to animals only to inflict suffering on my fellow creatures. All these supposed harsh measures that tore my tender heart were simply the result of experience that they were the best things to do in order to prevent injustice to man, even down to the fact that swine killed in any other way were almost unfit to eat.

The best rule is to take care of your fellow creatures first, then lessen, if possible, any isolated cases of suffering inflicted on those of the brute creation.

## SCORED THE EDITOR.

How a Poetess Was Moved to Anger Against a Magazine Autocrat.

A well-known literary woman not long ago sent a poem to one of the prominent New York magazines, says the Boston Journal. She had repeatedly done so before, but in such cases she received back her effusion with the customary editorial declination blank. After two or three weeks this particular poem followed its predecessors.

The poetess did not happen to be at home when the letter came, but her husband was, and, as is his custom, he opened the letter upon seeing the magazine imprint upon the envelope. His wife had told him how often this same editor had returned her poems, and finding the same editorial blank in this letter which he had frequently seen, he became impatient, drew out a pencil and wrote across the face of the blank the single but striking word, "Rats."

He placed the blank and poem in the envelope, which, absent-mindedly, he sealed, the mullage not having adhered when sent from the magazine office. The letter was not opened by the poetess until after supper, when her husband had gone out for the evening. Mechanically she opened the envelope and was about to tear up the editor's blank when the word written across the face of it struck her eye. She became furious.

Not recognizing the handwriting, and thinking that some one in the magazine office had written it with application to her poem, she sat down and wrote the editor a letter which must have opened his eyes. A spirited correspondence took place, the editor disclaiming, while the poetess accused.

The interchange of letters ceased, but from never is the conviction of the poetess of the editor's intent to humiliate her poem. Only two persons recognized the handwriting, but neither was in a position to explain matters.

## AFRICAN HAIR-DRESSING.

It Is Often Very Elaborate, Involving Much Time in the Work.

A limited wardrobe, such as befits the climate, may in a brief manner be stated as the general characteristic of African dress, says Peoples of the World. What little they wear is, however, in many cases peculiar enough to merit a few words, and is sometimes combined with an extraordinary furor for improving on nature by disturbing their otherwise not particularly handsome countenances. Among the Mangakas, for example, it is the head upon which the greatest elaboration is bestowed. The most favorite form of dressing the hair is to take a couple of pieces of wet, pliable hide, and shape them into the form of ox or buffalo horns, after which they are allowed to dry. They are then fastened to each side of the forehead and the hair trained over them and plastered into position by means of grease and clay. Two horns are the favorite ornament, but sometimes only one is used; in the latter case the wearer looks like a black bipedal unicorn.

Others vary this style of hair-dressing by twisting up a number of locks all over the head into the shape of miniature horns, so as to cause a porcupine-like appearance in the practice of this extraordinary style of head dress. Pig-tails, so far as their short twigs will allow, are also in vogue among some of this tribe. The women, as might be expected, are also by no means without fastidiousness in dressing and ornamenting their hair, but this is quite overshadowed by another effort at beautifying in which they excel, namely, in wearing the "pelele" or ring of ivory, metal, or bamboo, which is of considerable size, in their upper lip, the orifice for its reception being gradually enlarged from early girlhood until it can receive the full-sized ring, which, among the Manganka belles, constitutes the acme of female loveliness made perfect.

The wearing of this hideous ornament alters the whole appearance of the face and renders it impossible for the women to pronounce the labial letters. Hence a woman in this tribe speaks differently from the men. Some of the women even tattoo, but owing to the darkness of their skin this mode of decoration cannot get shown to advantage and is not very popular. It is not pleasant to record of a nation so fond of dress that they seemed to be entirely unconscious that in civilized eyes cleanliness is a virtue which ranks even higher than tattooing. They are filthy in the extreme. One old man denied that it was true that he had ever washed himself; he had really done so once, but it was so long ago that he could not trust his memory to say how many years had elapsed since that notable event. It is almost superfluous to add that skin diseases are, in consequence common among them and exhibit most persistent and virulent forms.

## THE INDIAN'S MUSTANG.

Horses Were Introduced in America by the Spaniards and Some Escaped.

The Indian horses of the mountain and plains tribes were originally of that wild stock once found in vast herds all over the intracontinental region, and which had their beginning from those that strayed from the Spaniards in old Mexico, as there were no animals of that character on the continent until the Spanish conquest. If we except an extinct species found only as a fossil on the plains of Kansas. These were geological specimens long before the advent of the Indian, and of such a remote age as to bewilder the mind in its contemplation.

Even until the middle of the eighteenth century the Indians of the country east of the Mississippi used to laugh at the white man, who could not walk but must ride a horse. The Indian thought nothing of keeping up a "dog trot" all day, making his fifty and sixty miles during that time.

The wild horses of the American continent once roamed from the border of old Mexico as far north as Lake Winnipeg, says a writer in the Kansas City Star. Twenty-three years ago there were a great many wandering over the broad, grassy bottoms of the Cimarron, in southwestern Kansas; perhaps they are not all extinct yet. All the wild horses that I have ever seen were of a small stature—pony built in every instance—but possessing a wonderful amount of endurance; a tough, hardy animal, well fitted to perform the peculiar duties the Indians demanded of him. The savages are very hard on their animals, and unless their horses were constituted to "live on cactus and drink the green slime of the buffalo wallows" they would have become extinct probably long ago. When caught young they are easily broken, but if taken at an advanced age they are perfectly incorrigible.

I remember one that used to do duty on the old stage line between Ellsworth and Sterling, about seventeen years ago. He was the most vicious brute it has ever been my fortune to see. Whenever it became necessary to shoe him he had to be knocked down with an ax, and before he recovered his senses tied, and only in that condition would the blacksmith dare approach him. His endurance was something marvelous; his driver, the only man that could do anything with him at all, tried for years to wear him out, but without success, and he succumbed at last only to old age. I have ridden behind him many a time, but in momentary expectation of having my brains kicked out or dashed to pieces whenever he started down hill. His bones lie bleaching somewhere on the divide between the Smoky Hill and the Arkansas.

## Perfumed for a Thousand Years.

The mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, is always fragrant with the odor of musk, and has been so for hundreds of years, ever since it was rebuilt in the ninth century, the curious part of it being that nothing is done to keep it perfumed. The solution to the seeming mystery lies in the fact that when built, over one thousand years ago, the stones and bricks were laid in mortar mixed with a solution of musk.

## COLLEGE NICKNAMES.

They Are Quaint Things, and All "Good Fellows" Have Them.

College nicknames are queer things, anyway. A student is, in the phraseology, "no good" unless he has a nickname, and a professor has no place in the college world unless he has a label of this sort. Nicknames for the undergraduates are generally fixed early in the college career, and often express the sophomore idea of a freshman's characteristics. With the professors it is different, for their nicknames are based on traditions dear to the college heart, says a writer in the New York Tribune. Thus, a professor goes along from year to year with the label fastened upon him way back in the fifties it may be, and, queerly enough, time, which changes all things, never sees fit to question the appropriateness of these nicknames or to change an old one for a new one.

The president is sure to have a handle to his name. He may be "Proxy," as at Yale; "Jimmy," as every graduate of Princeton loves to call ex-President McCosh, or "Charlie," as they dub President Eliot at Harvard. For the professors there are a thousand and one names suggested by personal characteristics, affiliations, duties, habits, etc. A college in New Jersey, where nicknames are as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, has its "Dean," its "Butt," its "Charlie," a gray-haired rover; its "General," an old army officer; its "Daddy," a fatherless teacher; its "Pat," from Erin's Isle; its "Big Mac," so called because there is no "Little Mac" there; its "Sister," its "Baby," its "Granny," its "Fatty," its "Mary," its "Billy," etc., etc., and so on through all sorts of ludicrous names suggestive, at least to the student, of some well-known peculiarity of the person whose name has been taken in vain. Of course the professor is aware of the fact that he is dubbed in this undignified way, but nothing he can do or say can change the sanction of tradition, and the nickname sticks.

With the students the range of sobriquets is wider and more varied, a condition due to the close relations between the two classes and the nickname. Some well-defined rules obtain, however, which show there is some method in this phase of undergraduate madness. Surames often carry the same nicknames, although the persons may not be related, and may be separated by five or ten years in the time of their residence at college. For instance, Jones, '79, is dubbed "Black," and the chances are excellent that Jones, '89, will receive the same nickname. Why, no one knows, but it is a curious instance of persistent personality. Again, nicknames received previously at school or at home count for naught, for the collegian is no respecter of traditions outside of the college world. So "Billy" becomes "Sister," "Jack" is transformed into "Reddy," "Joe" is elevated into "Senator," etc.

## A DEPARTMENTAL PICTURE.

The Pleasant Situation of a Chief of a Government Bureau.

I saw a picture in one of the bureaus of the customs divisions in the treasury department yesterday, a picture which explains, perhaps, the chief charm of official existence, says a Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune. Here was a great, rotund, portly, comfortable-looking chief of a bureau. He was in a large, elegantly-furnished room, well lighted and ventilated. A bright wood fire sparkled under a broad oak mantel at one side of the room. He sat in a great leather-cushioned chair, at one side of a blue-covered desk, littered with papers. Upon the opposite side of this broad desk sat a blonde-haired, regular-featured, ladylike looking typewriter secretary. She was neatly dressed in black. She sat with her note-book in front of her, pencil poised, and a look of earnest devotion to duty in her eyes, as she gazed into the rugged-featured face of her chief, ready to take down every word he should utter. At his left, in response to a call of an electric bell, stood a colored servant, dressed in black, in an attitude of respectful attention. At his right was a chief of division, also bowing low as he presented a knotty point involving some construction of the tariff law for the consideration of the mighty intellect of his chief. At the doors on the right and the left stood messengers and clerks in attitudes of frozen attention gazing at the dignitary who sat enthroned in the center of the room, not daring to advance until he should nod his Jovellike head. At the moment of my call official duty for the moment had relaxed. The dignitary turned from the mighty task of oiling the wheels of the government of the United States and was relating a pleasant story. Every face was turned with a prepared smile which foreboded the hearty laughter sure to come at the end of the story. It was an interesting picture, and perhaps explains the happiness that men have in official life and their reluctance to retiring to the rude buffets and cold disreputable often found in the transaction of private business.

## They Put It to a Vote.

Down at one of the big St. Augustine hotels there has been a controversy about the dinner hour—whether it should be at six or one o'clock. A ballot was finally taken and the matter decided in true American style. A majority of thirty-five favored a late dinner, and accordingly a late dinner it was. The young women guests of the place, says the New York Times, took a spirited part in the contest, voting in a solid phalanx for the six o'clock service, and it is needless to say they electioneered among the sterner sex to good purpose. Dinner gowns are much more effective by daylight, are, in fact, not admissible in their full elegance at the noon meal, and everybody knows to what lengths a woman will go when she is fighting for the effect of a pretty frock. If the midday dinner can be abolished at winter resort hotels it is possible that it will be done away with at summer watering places, notably at San Diego, where its existence is a serious blot upon the happiness of midsummer life at that charming resort.

## THE AMERICAN PREMIER.

A Comparison Between the American and English Speakers.

The parallel between the English and the American premier is, of course, by no means exact. In the first place, our speaker is powerful only in the house, writes Albert Bushnell Hart in the Atlantic on "The Speaker as a Premier," while the premier, through his majority in the house of commons, may, and frequently does, overawe the house of lords. The senate is not bound to recognize the leadership of the speaker of the house of representatives; but even here there is an evident convenience in having a party chief, capable of laying down a policy of successive measures and of urging those measures through. Whichever hereafter the two houses are controlled by the same party, it is probable that some juncture, of which the speaker is the leading member, will arrange a programme of legislation for both houses. In the second place, the speaker is chosen for a definite term of two years, unless by vote compelled sooner to resign. But parties in the United States are much more stable than in England. The party which elects the speaker invariably holds its majority to the end of that congress. Nothing, therefore, but the disregard of the wish of his own followers is likely to destroy the speaker's power; and when his followers no longer stand by him, his position is much like that of the premier against whom the house of commons has passed a vote of want of confidence.

The speaker must resign, and his political influence will be destroyed. The executive part of the premier's power is not within reach of the speaker; but if the tradition of party action through the speaker continues, the general policy of the party will be formed so as to include executive action. A president who wishes to stand well with his party is likely to aid in carrying out the programme arranged by the juncture of which the speaker is the leading member.

This most recent addition to the speaker's power has not been conferred by a recent vote of the house in adopting rules, and in fact is not expressed in the constitution, the acts of congress, or the rules of the house. It is a natural growth, and part of the tendency throughout the national, state and municipal systems to put responsibility upon individuals rather than upon boards. It is a wholesome reaction from the divided irresponsibility and wasteful system of conducting the business of legislation. It secures at least the consideration of the measures held by the leaders of the majority to be most important. Those measures may or may not be for the public good; but under the new system the public has a better opportunity to place responsibility upon those members of congress, who, under any system, must control its operations, namely, the great leaders of the majority. The system is, therefore, likely to be continued in principle, if not in the same form, by each party when in the majority. The powers now exercised by the speaker will probably be exercised by each succeeding speaker, and will somewhat increase. The legislative department in every republic constantly tends to gain ground at the expense of the executive, the speaker is likely to become, and perhaps is already, more powerful, both for good and for evil, than the president of the United States. He is premier in legislation; it is the business of his part that he be also premier in character, ability, in leadership or statesmanship.

## SPOTTERS ON STREET CAR.

Seen Spotted by the Conductors, They Are Given the Sixth Degree.

Every street-car line in New York employs from forty to sixty "spotters," who are paid twenty cents a round trip and whose business it is to see that all fares received are rung up on the conductor.

"It is the easiest thing in the world," said a Broadway car conductor to a World man, "for us to spot them. In the first place they have to keep track of every person who gets on the car, and they can be seen taking notes. The usual method is for the spotter to carry a pocketful of beans. As a passenger gets on the car he transfers a bean from a full pocket to an empty one, and when he leaves the car, as he usually does when it nearly reaches the terminus, he looks at the indicator, and his leisure counts the beans and sees if the number tallies with that shown on the register."

"Usually the spotter gets on the car about five blocks from the starting place. One of them once told a friend of mine that he had two pockets in one, so he didn't have to take his hand out at all. The spotter's word is always taken, and it is seldom that a conductor gets anything but his dismissal notice."

"There is no appeal from his report. Seven trips a day is the average made by these men, and if they do not report a man or two a week the officials think they are not attending to business. There is one consolation to honest conductors, however, and that is that the spotters have men to watch them, and no one spotter is known to another. Their statements are all mailed to the car superintendent at his residence, and they get their pay each month by mail. It sometimes happens that two will board the same car unknown to each other, and perhaps give in different reports. Whenever I am sure of a spotter I give him the sixth degree as he gets off the car."

"I can't tell you how it is done, but it works to a charm, and before night four or five other conductors know him, and the next day he is known to as many more, so that in a few weeks most of us 'get on,' as the boys say. It never fails, and the spotter becomes a walking sign to the men on the road, whose eyes are as keen as can be."

## She Got Him.

A belle of Dawson county, Tex., after waiting half an hour in the office of a justice of the peace for the man she was to marry, got impatient, borrowed the justice's revolver, and started to look for her intended. At the end of twenty minutes she returned, driving the laggard before her, and the ceremony was performed.

## LIBRARY NOTES.

There is a library exclusively for women in Turin.

Fifty-one large and valuable libraries were sold in London last year.

Mrs. Austin Corbin has given five hundred volumes to the railway employees' reading-room in Long Island city.

The London libraries all have a small stationer's shop connected with them, where the various conveniences for writing are supplied.

SENATOR DAVIS is much interested in a project for a free circulating library in Washington. Mr. Wanamaker has also heartily approved the scheme.

On the Nicolayevitch railroad public libraries will be established in three points, at the stations of St. Petersburg, Bologoye and Tver, where railroad employees will be supplied with books to read.

The Boston public library has just come into possession of two diaries of John Brown. They were presented through W. P. Garrison of New York city, by Mrs. Sarah A. McKim, of Orange, N. J., the mother of the architect of the new library building.

LIBRARIAN SPENCER thinks that within three years he will be able to move the National library into the new building going up in Washington for the purpose. The new structure will have a greater storage capacity for books than the British museum, it is stated.

The library left by the late George Bancroft is reputed to be one of the best private collections of books in the country. It contains about twelve thousand volumes, among which are many works in foreign languages, and every book in the collection has a value apart from its selling price.

## MONEYED AMERICANS.

JAY GOULD goes to bed every night at ten o'clock, does not drink tea or coffee, cuts with great regularity and takes admirable care of his health, but the pace has told upon him, nevertheless.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR is endowed with six feet of solid physique, an imperturbable fund of good nature, excellent health, and is looked for an inheritance that cannot fall short of \$100,000,000.

THE late Captain J. B. Thomas, of Boston, was probably the richest man in New England. He left an estate worth over \$25,000,000, a large share of which had been acquired by real estate investment in San Francisco and Brooklyn.

JAY GOULD's daily income is said to be about \$7,500. But this is rather small compared to Rockefeller, who is supposed to receive \$18,000 daily, or Astor, who gets \$25,000 daily, or even Cornelius Vanderbilt, who has to get along with \$15,000 every twenty-four hours.

It is an old saying that a Scotchman "ne'er goes back again" to the land of his birth. And in the case of David Jackson, the California millionaire, one can easily understand why it should be so when he can ride twenty miles on a straight line on his Monterey estate and be worth a round \$7,000,000. Go "back again," indeed!

HENRY CLAY FRICK, owner of the mine near Scottsdale, Pa., where over one hundred and ten miners were killed recently, was the bookkeeper of a flouring mill twenty years ago. It is stated that he now controls eight thousand of the thirteen thousand ovens in the Connellysburg region and the coke market of this country.

## NOTES FOR UNCLE SAM.

The first sugar cane cultivated in the United States was near New Orleans in 1791.

FARM hands in the United States, taking the country as a whole, occupy only 250 acres in every 1,000.

Forty-five thousand immigrants arrived from Sweden and Norway to the United States last year.

Statistics show that the birth-rate in the United States is declining. This is the worst baby show the country has ever had.

The number of Indians in the United States who can read English is stated to be over twenty-three thousand; the number who can read Indian languages is over ten thousand.

For the returns for 1890, the department of agriculture estimates the number of farm animals as follows: Milch cows, 16,019,591; other cattle, 37,375,948; sheep, 43,491,130; hogs, 50,025,103. In the latter there was a decrease of 3 per cent., while the value has decreased 51 cents per head.

It has been estimated that 20,000,000 bushels of oysters are opened annually in the United States, representing an accumulation of shells amounting to not less than 242,500,000 cubic feet, which if spread out would cover a space of more than 450,000 yards square to a depth of three feet.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

BROKEN hearts are never dangerous as long as dinner tastes good.

CARE is the only sign of support some well-dressed young men show.

A CYNIC, brethren, am a man who doesn't "spice de worl" half's much as de worl" spices him.

NO LAWYER has any excuse for going hungry; the statutes have lots of provisions in them.

It is a mistake to call labor a curse. The most worthless men are those who have nothing to do.

It is so easy to be a promising sort of a man. But it is so difficult to be a fulfilling sort of a man.

It may be regarded as corroborative proof that a man does not like a slippery pavement when he's down on it.

"If you wish to appear well in society," said Falstaff, "you must consent to be taught many things which you know already."

MANY persons do themselves a wrong by permitting their feelings to be stirred, and then letting them subside again without an effort in the direction of that which excited them. Every experience of that sort helps to blunt the moral sense and promote its degradation.

## Brave and True.

Brune, one of Napoleon's marshals was made a soldier by the ancestor of a witty actress. He had written a pamphlet on military operations, and one of Napoleon's dinner-tables, it was mentioned, and the actress said, nothing to him. "You will be a General, and you fight with a pen."

It was the quick, he applied for commission and entered the army as a major. The witty actress having never met her tongue at Koblenz, was so to the guillotine.

In the army Brune showed that his power can conquer natural nervousness. In his first battle, he suffered torture from the sight of blood and the noise of cannonading.

Every discharge of a field-piece gave him such a shock in the pit of the stomach that he would have bent double with pain, but for his will, which gave him power to stiffen his legs in the stirrups and throw his body back. When the battle was over, his muscles remained paralyzed for hours, on account of the tension to which they had been subjected.

He had a quick temper, which he mastered after many trials. While governor of the Hanse towns, he gave certain orders, which were obeyed by the burgo-master of Hamburg. The official sought the marshal and began a long explanation. Now and then Brune, without saying a word, poured himself out a glass of water and drank it.

At last, the burgo-master, pausing, stretched out his hand for the decanter, and said, "Will you allow me?"

"Hold!" exclaimed Brune. "I had better ring for a fresh supply. I always pour down water when I feel a fire rising which might explode."

Brune was massacred by a royalist mob, after Waterloo.

"Shout, 'Live the king!'" said the mob. He refused.

"Shout, 'Down with the emperor!'" called out the mob.

"The emperor is low enough now; this is not the time when I can say much against him," was the spirited reply.

The enraged rioters answered this noble re-ender by striking him on the head with a shutter. He fell on one knee, exclaiming, "To have escaped a hundred deaths for this!"

He was then killed by pistol shots.

## Where We Taste the Disgusting.

The third and lowest part of the tongue and throat is the seat of those peculiar tastes to which Prof. Bain, the great authority upon this important philosophical subject has given the names of relish and disgusts. It is here chiefly that we taste animal food, fats, butters, oils and the richer class of vegetables and fruits.

If we like them we experience a sensation which we call a relish, and which induces one to keep the throat till it passes at it beyond the region of our voluntary control. If we don't like them, we get the sensation which is very different from the mere unpleasantness of excessively pungent or bitter things. It is far less of an intellectual feeling. We say, and say rightly, of such things, that we find it hard to swallow them; something within us of a very tangible nature seems to rise up bodily and protest against them. As a very good example of this experience take one's first attempt to swallow cod-liver oil. Other things may be unpleasant or unpalatable, but things of this class are in the strictest sense nasty and disgusting.—Cornhill Magazine.

## A Magician's Accomplish.

Herrmann, the magician, says he has been around the world three times looking for a ghost. He doesn't believe in any supernatural manifestation of any kind. He says the best way to get rid of bad luck or mild reading exhibitions are accomplished by the aid of accomplices. It is surprising how it pleases most people to be asked confidentially to co-operate with a performer of notes. The late Alfonso of Spain and Louis Napoleon both assisted Herrmann on more than one occasion to dupe an audience, and they always kept the secret. The King of Spain was an accomplice in this. Alfonso wrote on a piece of paper and sealed it in an envelope. Herrmann tore the envelope in two, turned it one half and sent the other to the other end of the saloon in a hat. A sealed double slate was then given him, in which he reproduced the writing on the paper, which, when removed from the hat, was found to be intact.

## About a Duck, a Mar. on a Cock.

A sportsman in the West of England allowed on all hands to be a first-class all-round shot, but his speciality was woodcock. On an average probably, in the course of the season, he kills four or five he shoots at. His problem was explained as follows by his keeper: "When measter romed down here last he was terrible keen on cock snail and, although there was a slight about the first year he come, he couldn't make no hand on 'em; so one day I up and snail as bold as to try to do it. I egg 'em y' pardun, but you see I was too late (excited) with 'em; if so be as you could make yerself b'lieve as how it nexted as gets up a blackbird, he'll drop right enough. The measter said 's how he would; and dinged if he didn't kill the next one as got up as easy as a single bird out of turnouts. 'Take me o' that blackbird,' sez he; and I did, and I did nothing—as 'twas good shot or no, but, and, yew b'lieve me, 'ur, since then he've been a dead-mark on a cock!"

## Fixer!

The London street-boy is acknowledged to be smart, but the Californian one is ever so much smarter. Such a fixer is the opinion of a very tall, dressed, amiable Englishman who has lately been touring in the neighborhood of San Francisco. The inevitable news on the cars bothered his lie out of him in the hot weather. Though a dandy, he was not a dandy in the Californian sense, the San Francisco Chronicle, the Sun, the World and the Evening Herald, he refused them all. The small boy named at him for a woman and said bluntly, "I've got some pictures for them as can't read."

## A New Cancer Cure.

A lady of 60 was told she must have her cancer cut out. She was very old and preferred death. A friend induced her to pick red clover blossoms, make a tea and drink a cupful of it twice daily. The cancer seemed, after a time, to disappear and she lived very old. The cancer had come off, and she died of cancer, and she could not see every summer. The clover tea once daily for a year, and that it kept her blood pure from the taint, and that she had reached a good age.